11630. b. 2

THE QUACKADE.

A MOCK HEROIC

POEM,

IN

FIVE CANTO'S.

By *WHIRLIGIG BOLUS*, Esq;

——*Dulce est decipere in Loco!* HOR.
Who shall decide, when Doctors disagree! POPE.

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MDCCLII.

THE

QUACKADE.

CANTO I.

HAIL! Dulneſs, ſacred Queen, ſublimely low,
From whence whole Reams of tuneful Non-
ſenſe flow:
To whom the World their firſt Obedience pay,
And pleas'd for thee, in mazy Volumes ſtray:
If ſtill thou deign'ſt an Hero's Charms to ſing,
Or if to thee, their Feats my Muſe ſhall bring,
O! yet awhile my Fair, from *Grub-ſtreet* turn,
And bid with double Warmth my Genius burn:

With equal Lines my willing Breaſt inſpire,
And raiſe my Soul to ſoft poetic Fire.
Say Goddeſs firſt, for thou can'ſt beſt explain,
How Diſcord fierce o'er-ſpread the peaceful Plain;
Or why each Member ſcorns the ſurer Pill,
And ſtrives in open Fields, like *Mars*, to kill?
With haughty Air diſdains a Brother's Praiſe,
And ſcarce can bear to view another's Rays;
With ſolemn Cant inveighs at venal Sin,
And yet can nicely puſh thro' thick and thin;
From Trade to Trade each Day can ſmartly change,
And, ſwift as Winds, from Point to Point can range.
Each apron'd Squirt a Learned Doctor turns,
And hot for Fees in gilded Chariot runs;
With Syſtems new improves Galenic Brain,
And draws in Velvet Pomp a longer Train:
A Conſultation decks with new-boil'd Wit,
And ſtruts in Querpo with a burniſh'd Spit;
With ſmugger Phiz can boldly treat a Caſe,
And fold in graver Plaits a formal Face.

'Tis

'Tis thus, when Years the ſporting Nymph invade,
Bedeck'd with hoary Locks ſhe leaves the Trade;
Finds in her Breaſt the youthful Fury thaw'd,
Whilſt ſtill ſhe loves the Smack, and turns a Bawd:
Say next, why CHYMISTS paſs for Men of Parts,
And ſtrive to riſe by new-invented Arts?
Why bold in Skill, with fam'd *Palladio* vie,
And build triumphant Pillars in the Sky?
In Science deep, all vulgar Notions ſhun,
And raiſe refulgent Lanthorns for the Sun?
Or why in ſplendid Shop, a Goddeſs ſtands,
And kindly holds a Taper in her Hands?
How Painting gives new Bleſſing to the Pills,
Or e'er the Pots with better Med'cines fills?
Or only yet attracts the ſimple Fry,
Whilſt round the Bait the wiſer Salmon ply?
As powder'd Beaux decoy the youthful Fair,
And ſtrut from Rout to Rout in tinſel'd Air.
The Girl of Senſe, diſdains the fooliſh Ape,
Nor e'er was blindly caught by borrow'd Shape.

Not far from where FLEET-DITCH deſcending goes,
And Fat in ſable Rings triumphant flows,
Reflects each Dunghill that on the Border ſtands,
And ſhares the Tribute of an hundred Lands.
Of feaſting Cits, the golden Eſſence ſucks,
Of Ven'ſon's Haunch, of Claret, Pigs and Ducks,
A Noble Hall there ſtands, ſuperb the Height,
The lofty Columns ſtrike the diſtant Sight;
Here *Sol*, on *Python*'s Back, a cock-horſe rides,
And decks with ſhining Rags his ſcaly Sides;
Or rampant next attacks fair *Daphne*'s Charms,
And claſps a laurel'd Broomſtick in his Arms;
A juſt Reward for thoſe who wildly roam,
And ne'er can kiſs like honeſt Lads at home.
There BOYLE below in ſmoky Reg'ons dwells,
With chymic Flame the ſooty Cavern ſwells;
Here ſome Mercurial Spheres, attempt to fix,
And nicely turn the Droſs to Coach and Six;
With golden Dreams diſtract their ſimple Brains,
And catch aer'al Vapours for their Pains;

Whilſt

Whilſt others, wiſely take the ſurer Way,
Nor e'er in jimcrack Paths deluded ſtray;
To ſolid Gold can ſhape a ſimple Pill,
And quick by magic Art the Pockets fill;
For ſordid end the ſacred Rights profane,
And bid the Furnace only burn for gain:
Not thus, great S——w, with hearty Zeal explores
The duſky Regions of the chymic Shores:
With Eaſe purſues dark Nature as ſhe runs,
And round the mazy Paths ſecurely turns;
From Him, with Truth, each nice Product'on's told,
Metallic Beauty, and intrinſic Gold.
The Public Good alone his Boſom fires,
And pleaſed with honeſt Gales, his Soul inſpires.
Let LEYDEN now, proclaim her Prince no more,
Or boaſt their fallen Chief from Shore to Shore;
With us his blooming Merits ſtill remain,
And bleſs with equal Rays our joyful Plain:
No Britiſh Crowds their foreign Aid bemoan,
But truly boaſt a BOERHAAVE of their own.

Here

Here tyrant DEATH in State tremend'ous reigns,
And ſends her Agents to the diſtant Plains;
No blooming Charms, no Sex, no Age, ſhe knows,
But round with blinded Eyes the Phantom flows:
The Babe to-day who decks his Mother's Arms,
To her the next reſigns its prattling Charms,
Whilſt ſome with fallen Cheek and hoary Face,
More calm reſign to Fate, with eaſy Grace:
Enthron'd on putrid Bones ſhe ſits on high;
Around the gloomy Court Diſtempers fly,
And firſt that Fury PLAGUE! whoſe hundred Hands
Can quick as Thought, o'erſpread a thouſand Lands,
Each gory Arm, a flaming Sickle wields,
And reaps the Sicken'd Harveſt of the Fields.
Here toſt on ſqualid Heaps, whole Nat'ons lie,
And ſunk in common Fate, whole Myr'ads dye,
And FEVER next! whoſe purple Spots proclaim,
Deſtructive Vapours and malignant Flame;
Deep in her Blood, the floating Poiſons roll,
And burn with livid Streams, her drooping Soul:

No more with Springs the Solids calm the Tide,
No more in equal Waves the Fluids guide;
With open Reins the fierce Contagions ſpread,
And quickly hurl the Victim to the Dead.
Not thus, her Siſter PTHISIS ſtrikes the Blow
With equal Rage, but ſtill ſecurely ſlow;
By eaſy Steps attempts to gain the Town,
And throws by Sap the ſtrongeſt Bulwark down;
With hectic Heats the ſinking Spirits damps,
And Snuffs with gentle Hands the vital Lamps:
See HYDROPS next, advanc'd in bloated State;
The ſwelling Paunch foretells his ſpeedy Fate:
With Oceans fill'd, for more the Miſer cries,
Then ſwills the Tides in vain, and drinking dies:
There plac'd on Down the fam'd *Arthritis* ſtands,
And decks the Nobles of Britannia's Lands;
With ſcornful Air ſhe flies the poorer Swain,
Nor knows the lowly Hind, the Royal Pain;
For Her with Gallic Wine the Tables ſpread;
For Her each Day the pamper'd Victim's fed.

Intemp'rance firſt, the ſmall beginning lays,
From thence her ruddy Charms the Fiend diſplays,
Soon ſwells from Atoms to gigantic Size,
From Limb to Limb the torrid Fury flies;
And laſt the Pox with falſe diſhevel'd Grace,
Whilſt borrow'd Charms o'er-ſpread her painted Face:
Above how bright She ſhines; but mark below,
Her trembling Steps a bad Foundation ſhow:
There ſubtil Flames in dark Meanders burn,
And o'er the broken Valves tremendous turn;
From Bone to Bone the quick Deſtructions rage,
No balmy Reſt the Tyrant's Force aſſwage:
Each Day, each Night, ſome new Misfortune's found,
And drops the Frame by piece-meal to the Ground:
From Beauty oft her firſt Beginnings ſteal,
The tender Fair her ſwift Effluvia feel.
Beauty, which makes the proudeſt Victor yield,
And blooms the Monarch of the downy Field,
For Her too ſoon reſigns it's roſy Charms,
And dies neglected in her wither'd Arms:

Behind inferior Trains in Numbers ſtand,
Deſtructive Squadrons, and a lawleſs Band.
Hence, *Tyros* pleas'd for empty Freedoms, pay
Neglected Charters and a phantom'd Sway;
From Poſt to Poſt by nice Gradations riſe,
And ſwell in Honour as they ſwell in Size.
Here, late the Council met with eager Haſte,
No Time to loſe, no precious Time to waſte;
Firſt Staples round the ſpecial Writs conveys,
Each Member ſtraight with Joy the Call obeys;
With ſmiling Phiz ſuperbly take their Seats,
In hopes the Buſineſs o'er, to ſhare the Treats:
The Maſter firſt with laurel'd Temples plac'd,
With coſtly Fur the Robes of Honour grac'd;
In equal State the Court-Aſſiſtants ſhine,
Enthron'd in crowded Order as they dine;
Each Side in humble Ranks the Vulgar ſit,
And gape with open Mouths for new-born Wit:
Twice Silence round proclaim'd with noiſy Bawl,
Which ſhakes the deepeſt Caverns of the Hall;

In piercing Sighs the Cauſe old NESTOR opes,
But firſt his Paunch with ſad Remembrance ſtrokes.
" Theſe thrice ten Years, my Sons, I've known the Trade,
" And ev'ry Year a handſome Income made;
" Could ev'ry Day a ſumptuous Dinner make,
" And ſnug at Night a cheerful Bottle take.
" How faſt from ev'ry Houſe Preſcript'ons came,
" Whilſt founding Mortars rang my blooming Fame;
" How ſweet to ſee the loaded Counter grac'd,
" And Cordial Draughts in ample Order plac'd!
" Each liſt'ning Patient then my Cant believ'd,
" And tamely then whole Loads of Drugs receiv'd;
" But now am forc'd with meaneſt Care to drudge
" Perhaps to ſend a Bolus or a Purge:
" What Numbers then my gilded Shop would fill!
" And ſtrive who firſt ſhould take the welcome Pill;
" Could then the longeſt Bill with Pleaſure ſee,
" And ſometimes tip you with a golden Fee;
" But now without a Damn are ſeldom paid,
" And little more than higher Lackeys made:

" In

" In muſty Heaps the Drugs neglected ſpoil,
" And fatten'd Moths profane the ſacred File;
" Around the Pots whole Troops of Spiders breed;
" The Pompous Titles now you ſcarce can read;
" With miſty Clouds old *Galen*'s Head's diſgrac'd,
" No more on ſplendid Stand ſuperbly plac'd:
" When here we met, what Joy each Boſom knew!
" How ſwift in pleaſing Mirth the Moments flew!
" His thriving Trade the cheerful Brother told,
" And roll'd luxuriant on the Native Gold,
" Could then aloft in ſplendid Chariot drive,
" And ſpite of ſnarling Raſcals boldly thrive:
" No more ſhall we on juicy Ven'ſon dine,
" Or drink in Silver Bowls the Gallic Wine;
" Content ſmall Beer in Earthen-ware to quaff,
" Whilſt Chymiſts ſhare the Corn and we the Chaff:
" Methinks I ſee the bending Table ſpread,
" When Patients then alone on Slipſlops fed:
" No more with niceſt Art a Turky carve,
" But damn'd to Legs of Beef degraded ſtarve."

Thus

Thus ſaid, his Tears his further meaning ſpeak,
And deck'd in trickling Streams his hoary Cheek;
In ſolemn Nods each Member groan'd Applauſe,
And own'd in ſilent Grief th' important Cauſe.
The fam'd QUIXOIDES next addreſs'd the Throng,
In tuneful Periods and amazing Song.
" Thy innate Worth, great Sir, each Brother knows,
" Each guſhing Tear thy juſt Reſentment ſhows:
" How ſweet in fleecy Streams the Tropes deſcend,
" And juſtly prove the Father and the Friend:
" With equal Grief I've ſeen our Trade decay,
" And ſneaking Raſcals ſteal our Gains away;
" With utmoſt Care have made our Charter known;
" From Houſe to Houſe minuteſt Right have ſhown;
" Have kindly made the publick Int'reſt mine,
" And paid with open Purſe each heavy Fine:
" This little Book each nice Tranſaction tells,
" Each crowded Page with large Diſburs'ments ſwells;
" I firſt with Joy propos'd the darling Bill,
" And hop'd with that to ſtop th' impending Ill,

" But

" But adverſe Fate refus'd her Smiles to ſhow;
" The Great ſometimes their own Misfortunes know;
" But ſtill with ſteady Hearts maintain the Field,
" And bold in Virtue's Cauſe diſdain to yield;
" For Fortune blindly ſtill her Gifts beſtows,
" And ſtill in doubtful Ebbs the Fountain flows;
" For oft I've ſeen in State the Vulgar brave,
" A Saint degraded, and a laurel'd Knave:
" No more around the mighty C——CH flies,
" In Silence ſunk, the grand *Arcanum* dies:
" No more R——K Tinctures prove their Fame,
" But loſt on duſty Shelves, reſign their Name.
" Each aged Nurſe a mighty Doctor's made,
" And ſcorns with ſneering Face the learned Trade:
" With oily Cant my tender Lady flams,
" And cures ſplenetic Fits with Citron Drams;
" With outward Spell can ſtop an Ague's Courſe,
" And charm with pendant Coat the morbid Force;
" Can ſmart again renew prolific Charms,
" And give new Vigour to diſabled Arms;

" Can

" Can tell what Time's the beſt to pare your Nails;
" Why this will work to-day, to-morrow fails:
" Not theſe my Friends, alone, our Care demand,
" Nor only theſe the Harpies of the Land.
" From—— late a noble—— flew,
" No Man till then his Honour's Merit knew;
" But here we ſeldom tell a Brother's Praiſe,
" And Merit ſeldom wears it's native Bays:
" Bedeck'd with Honour now behold him ſhine,
" And round his Head the Warwick Laurels twine;
" Who can by magic Art his Pockets fill,
" And bravely beat a Thouſand with a Pill:
" Now here, now there, he runs; now lordly huffs,
" Then damns the Hall, and then in Papers puffs;
" There next attempts to gain my W——r's Praiſe,
" And ſtruts in borrow'd Light with paper'd Bays;
" But W——r only ſhines a W——r ſtill;
" No barking Curs his Ears with Tumults fill;
" For Merit ſtill ſecurely proves his Fame,
" And joins in native Dreſs his riſing Name;

" From

" From him in Floods ſalubr'ous Streams deſcend,
" His Country's Honour and his Country's Friend.
" 'Twas thus the Giants ſtrove to ſtorm in vain,
" The ſtarry Ramparts of th' ether'al Plain:
" Unmov'd great *Jove* beheld the grov'ling Foe,
" And hurl'd the Squadrons to the Gulph below;
" To-day with Velvet grac'd aloft he rides,
" To-morrow clad in Cloth more humbly ſtrides;
" How briſk his Air, what Joys his Boſom fill,
" To hear we've lately loſt our darling Bill?
" But that's no more, the L—ds have flung it out,
" And we again may try another Bout;
" E'en now my——his empty Noiſe believes,
" And pleas'd each Day, with Joy the——receives:
" Deep in my Blood revengeful Furies roll,
" And ſcarce the leaping Tides my Valves control:
" Shall we thus tamely here in Words debate,
" Nor try in open Fields the doubtful Fate?
" Shall they in peaceful Joy our Realms detain,
" And ſhare with Pride the Treaſures of the Plain?

" Sooner in gory Drops my Soul ſhall bleed,
" Or I on *Suffolk* Cheeſe contented feed;
" Much ſooner far mine own Preſcript'ons ſwill,
" Or e'ery Night my Guts with Gruel fill:
" Let us together dart the fatal Blow,
" And bid each Wretch our juſt Reſentment know!"
He ſpoke, the reden'd Face his Fury tells,
Each riſing Vein the rapid Torrent ſwells;
With innate Joy his Zeal the Crowds admire,
And hail with mighty Hums ſeraphic Fire:
Each ſwelling Breaſt with equal Vigour burns,
But firſt by wary Steps the Court adjourns;
Secure at Eaſe reſolve their future Plan,
And ſnug o'er flowing Bowls the Battle ſcan:
Here pil'd on roaſted Heaps the Pullets ſhine,
And quick to Fate their ſlaughter'd Limbs reſign;
There carv'd with mighty Force, the Hams declare,
Superior Courage and unequal War:
Now fierce on e'ry Side the Combat glows,
Around in purple Streams the Bumper flows:

With

With Hands and Teeth each Victor keeps the Field,
And arm'd in roſy Port diſdains to yield;
Behind in empty'd Ranks the Bottles ſtand,
The glorious Trophies of a conquer'd Land:
At length ſweet Sleep diſplay'd her downy Charms,
And claſp'd each nodding Hero in her Arms;
With balmy Wings o'er-ſpread the raging Plain,
And gently ſtills the Billows of the Main:
No more their boiling Souls their God inſpires,
But ſoft to Reſt each laurel'd Chief retires;
In peaceful Thoughts of future Triumphs dream,
And ſport deluded in the painted Stream;
Whilſt others pleas'd again the Treat ſurvey,
And chew in Thought the Dainties of the Day.

CANTO II.

BRIGHT *Phœbus* now had ſtole from *Thetis'* Bed;
His Breakfaſt got, and comb'd his golden Head;
O'er buxom Fields diſplay'd his friſky Ray,
And ſpread in roſy Sheets th' unfolded Day.
Now frowzy Rakes from Midnight Revels ſteal,
And Smarts from Poſt to Poſt politely reel:
Here ruddy Matrons deck their verdant Stalls,
And ſtretch their drowſy Lungs with noiſy Bawls:
There *Staples* ſlowly leaves his Azure Boar;
The Fee's receiv'd, his Worſhip's Levee o'er:
With ſolemn Face puts off the ſacred Gown,
Prepar'd in humbler Garb to trudge the Town:
From Street to Street proclaims the ruſhing War,
Collects the ſleeping Squadrons from afar:

With haſte each Hero ſtarts and takes the Field,
And ſofter Battles to Reſentment yield;
But yet awhile the kind—— ſtaid,
And thus to deareſt Life with Sorrow ſaid:
" How ſweet with Thee my Time has paſs'd away!
" Each Year a Moment, and each Moment gay!
" With thee I've nicely calm'd all worldly Care,
" Each Trouble vaniſh'd when my Love was there;
" With thee I'd boldly ſcorn the Shocks of Fate,
" E'en T—x unenvey'd, and a T——N great;
" With melting Soul I view thy bluſhing Charms,
" And leave with equal Grief thy widow'd Arms;
" But Honour ſounds the Trumpet to the Plains,
" And lights ſeraphic Tinder in my Veins;
" Vnveils the Beauties that *Bellona* yields,
" And paints the Laurels of victorious Fields:
" If I by Chance obey great Nature's Laws,
" And ſink triumphant in my Country's Cauſe;
" With double Care my Infant-Son attend;
" Be thou a Father, Mother, and a Friend;

" Let him be early taught our Wrongs to know,
" And with revengeful Fury ſtrike the Blow;
" Each Morn, each Night, be told his Father's Fall,
" And riſe Defender of his parent Hall;
" With Acts like mine his tender Soul inſpire,
" And let Ambit'on blow the twinkling Fire;
" So bright again in him my Zeal ſhall burn,
" And Nat'ons boaſt the Father in the Son:
" Ambition firſt that rais'd our earthly Clod,
" Makes Atoms Mountains, and a Mortal God;
" Who bids St. Giles's with *Olympus* vie,
" And graſp with ragged Arms th' embroider'd Sky:
" From Huts and Hovels mounts whole Groups of Kings,
" And plumes a Cobler with a *Cæſar*'s Wings."
He ſpoke and kindly buſs'd the weeping Fair,
As kind with open Arms embrac'd his Heir;
Then paus'd awhile and ſtarting left the Room,
Reſolv'd in ampler Plains to try his Doom.
A Buss ye Gods, all Nat'ons own the Bliſs,
And graſp with Joy the Bleſſings of a Kiſs;

Not

Not half ſo ſweet the Drops Mount *Hybla* yields,
Nor half ſo gay the Bloſſoms of her Fields;
Compar'd to her how dull fair *Eden* beams;
How low her Fountains and how thick her Streams?
'Tis ſhe ſteals on the Summer of the Night,
And ſweetly ſeals the Packets of Delight:
Enthron'd on pouting Lips ſoft *Venus* dwells,
Whilſt Pearls ambros'al ſtud the coral Cells;
With balmy Dew each Pore beſpangl'd glows,
And ſipping *Cupids* wanton on the Roſe;
From Nerve to Nerve th' endearing Tremors roll,
And glowing Seraphs twinkle in the Soul;
All Nature charm'd awhile forgets her Clay,
And ſports enchanted in the bliſsful Ray;
Each pleaſing Toy ſome new Idea brings,
Whilſt Pleaſure fans us with its airy Wings;
From World to World by ſweet Delus'on riſe,
And gain in Thought the Summit of the Skies;
O'er glaſſy Rills unfetter'd Spirits move,
And ſwim bewilder'd in a Sea of Love.

Come now my Muſe to lofty Strains ariſe,
And tread with feather'd Feet on nobler Skies:
Deſcribe the blooming Squadrons as they ſtand,
And truly ſing the Leaders of the Band:
In Numbers paint the Beauties as they roll,
And boldly ope the Pages of their Soul.
Aloft in Air for Flags BLUE APRONS fly,
And drumming MORTARS jar the ringing Sky;
In Trumpet Notes aſpiring FUNNELS ſound,
And SYRINGE bright adorns the Ranks around;
From Side to Side galenic Cannons play,
And ſnug in Buff the Sons of Thunder bray.
Lo! firſt in mighty State great BRONZO ſtands
A ſturdy Rampart on the bending Sands;
Emboſs'd in Standard *Bronze* his Viſage beams,
And ſhines enamel'd with *Oporto*'s Seams;
By Birthright claims the Title of a King,
And leads triumphant Nat'ons in a String.
From Branch to Branch unſully'd Merit reigns,
And Blood imper'al twinkles in his Veins;

In purple Folds the Royal Mantle ſhines,
And round in tatter'd Groups the Toſſel twines:
By this their State of old is truly ſhown;
The nobler Worth the more the Garment's torn;
With gold-topt Crown his Helmet puffs its Charms,
The brighteſt Product of Vulcan'an Arms;
In this their nicer Art the Cyclops ſhow,
Which ſometimes ſerve above, as oft below;
With Force Specific meets all mortal Thumps,
As bold the Vollies of embattel'd Rumps:
One Hand ſuperbly graſp'd a Box of Pills,
As ſmart his other Fiſt an Inkhorn fills;
From this, Arcanas fall as thick as Hops,
From that, in blotted Reams Preſcript'on drops:
No maſſy Shield his royal Boſom knows,
His Hide ſufficient to receive the Blows;
The keeneſt Dart can ſcarce the Surface paſs,
So ſtrong the Poliſh of intrinſic Braſs;
Alone for common Form, his Helmet ſhines
The ſolid Patent of his noble Lines:

BRONZOIDES next, advanc'd with giant Pace,
And boldly ſhows his broad beſpangl'd Face;
With *Broughton*'s Skill ſurveys his mutton Hands;
And views with ſcornful Air the hoſtile Bands;
In bruiſing learn'd, from all he wins the Prize,
With Head metallic, and with ox-like Eyes;
No parent Crimes his noble Blood diſgrace;
No conſcious Bluſh e'er ſtain'd his Honour's Face:
In Virtue's ſtricteſt Paths he ſpends his Days,
Nor e'er from her by nice Punctilio ſtrays:
If once by Chance he wants a Maiden's Charms,
And longs to claſp poor NANNY in his Arms;
No filthy God with Luſt the Saint inſpires,
A future Heir alone his Boſom fires;
Of carnal Joys enough his Wife ſupplies,
And ſure no mortal Man that Truth denies;
His pious Work a ſudden Knock alarms!
And fear of deareſt Life, his Zeal diſarms!
But ſtill with Joy the Female Train befriends,
And nice by chymic Art Complect'ons mends:

How great the pleaſing Waſh BLOWZINDA knows;
Her buxom Face the grand Specific ſhows;
Nor yet to this alone his Art confines,
As great with other Rays ſupremely ſhines;
By magic Art the youthful Gout can quell,
And bid no more the torrid Member ſwell;
Without a Pill or Bolus heals your Pains,
Injects new Vigour to deſponding Swains:
To him whole Groups of Smarts Thankſgiving bring,
And pleas'd for Him the Nymphs at H——KS ſing;
In mighty Numbers raiſe the Dirty Clod,
And bleſs from Lodge to Lodge old *Drury*'s God:
From theſe, in ſhining Heaps the Angels riſe,
And feaſt with heav'nly Charms his greedy Eyes;
To Idol Gold each dirty Farthing turns,
For Fortune ne'er deſerts her ſofter Sons;
For them ſhe kindly ſmooths the riſing Main,
And decks with Honours as ſhe decks with Gain:
Behold the great ADONIS next appears!
How ſoft his Manners and how ſoft his Years!

In ſolemn Steps with Hand behind he walks,
And ſmooth in oily Streams prolific talks;
In ſnowy Drops the Tye deſcending twines,
And hid in ev'ry Curl, a Galen ſhines;
With Scientific Nod he gently feels the Pulſe,
Much ſofter far than W——T or an H——SE:
With Gouſt from him the Ladies take the Pill,
For ſure from his fair Hands no Drug can kill;
His Viſage mild, ſo prettily demure,
Each tender Look almoſt the Spleen can cure;
From H—— lately catch'd the pleaſing Air,
And how to calm the Vapours of the Fair:
O had he but with equal Art obtain'd
His blooming Knowledge, or his Merit gain'd;
With true Politeneſs then he'd tread the Stage,
And ſhine like Him the Darling of our Age.
Obſerve his Air, his Dreſs, behold him well;
No Soul behind can e'er the Differ'nce tell,
Except you rudely turn your Face about,
And find by ſecond Peep the Secret out:

There ſtrong her artleſs Charms true Nature ſhows,
And bold with eaſy Grace his Language flows;
Each Action blooms a Copy of his Soul,
And juſt Proport'on firm unites the Whole:
Here mimic Art the native Form ſupplies,
In acting well the Part his Merit lies;
By Chance may nicely glean an outward Grace,
And juſtly catch an Image of the Face:
With painted Gloſs each aukward Beauty's ſhown,
To graſp another's Laurel, blights his own;
When he might boldly claim as noble Praiſe,
And bloom in native Sphere with equal Rays;
Alike to all, their proper Gifts beſtow'd,
And all the Mount can gain by Turnpike-Road;
But yet will raſhly climb another Way,
And ſtout in crooked Paths deluded ſtray:
'Tis thus a Poppet apes the Monarch's Gait,
And ſtruts with borrow'd Strength in royal State;
In booriſh Strains majeſtic Fury ſhows,
And ſhines a Prince in naught but tinſel'd Cloths;

Not far from him another HEROE's bred,
Grown ſmart, polite, for now ANTENOR's dead:
No more in mouldy Heaps the Tallies lie,
But ſwift for Toys or ſome Collect'on fly;
How bright his Senſe, the ſplendid Bookcaſe ſhows,
For Knowledge ſure from gilded Volumes flows;
His Skill's profoundly deep, he ſtudies Mines!
Can tell how low the brighteſt Di'mond ſhines;
In Thought each Day beholds Hungarian Beams,
And ſwims enchanted in the golden Streams;
He'd better far his brazen Mortars mind,
In them more pleaſing Charms he'll ſurely find;
Or elſe with ſolemn Face in Cloſeſtool peep,
And there ſurvey the Secrets of the Deep;
From them more pleaſing Joys he'd quickly boaſt,
Then all he'll purchaſe from *Peruv'an* Coaſt;
No more his greaſy Frock the Squire knows,
Is grown polite, and wears much better Cloths.
O could his Father but to Light again return,
And view the great Improvements of his Son!

How would he ſtorm to ſee his Mans'on chang'd!
Inſtead of uſeful coſtly Trifles rang'd;
Or yet to find old Careful— diſgrac'd,
Inſtead of her, a younger—— plac'd!
With ſwelling Breaſt he meets the Trumpets Call,
The Thirſt of Honour is the Thirſt of all:
His harden'd Head the wooden Clubs defies,
And ſafe amidſt the jarring Peſtles hies;
For oft his Father taught the Youth to bear
Paternal Stripes, nor e'er the Cane to fear:
With pigmy Pride attacks the jumbling Foe,
And ſtill returns as equal Blow for Blow.

CANTO III.

FOR Slaughter fam'd a ſecond HECTOR walks,
And ſeems to eat each GLYSTER as he Stalks;
An Aſs's Head in Grin tremendous plac'd,
With lofty Ears his Helm ſuperbly grac'd;
The Skin behind in downy Order twines,
And round his Head fraternal Honour ſhines;
His prudent Choice the Sen'or Chiefs admire,
And hail with Shouts the Viſage of their Sire;
How great his Fame, the fat St. *Giles*'s tells,
Each muddy Street with laureat—— ſwells;
Here oft the God from buſy Shop retires,
And ſteals from blackguard Swains the bunting Fires;
At Eaſe on ſome Parnaſſus Dunghill lies,
And ſnuffs each ſpicy Vapour as it flies;

By

By chymic Art diſtills mundungus Steams,
And nicely draws from thence Caſtal'an Streams;
From Vein to Vein the ſweet Effluv'as ſpread,
And filter'd Nonſenſe wantons in the Head;
Whilſt Wit with drooping Wings deſerts the Plain,
And baffl'd leaves the Chambers of the Brain:
There firſt invokes the Synod of the Hogs,
Then writes a Pamphlet for the fragrant Bogs;
Each paultry Page the ſimple Fool proclaims,
And only ſhines a Tribute to the Flames:
O'er mangl'd Senſe the limping Numbers creep,
And jolt entangl'd in the mazy Deep;
With Satyr kindly daubs his deareſt Friends,
And ſcorns the Prop on which the Wretch depends.
INGRATITUDE how baſe! the painted Dart
Pauls in the Soul, and ſickens in the Heart:
With tender Air each ſoft Narrat'on tells,
Whilſt couch'd in milky Tides the Poiſon ſwells;
With open Mouth ſucks in the balmy Ray,
And blooms the Swallow of a Summer's Day:

The Winter come deſerts the barren Fields,
And pamper'd Flies the reſt the Meadow yields:
Unmov'd at firſt great Cæsar met the Foe;
'Twas ſhe alone that gave the fatal Blow:
So deep in noble Minds Unkindneſs goes;
So ſharp from canker'd Point the Venom flows;
With Friendship falſely gilds a Syren's Arms,
And joins with ſmiling Face deluſive Charms.
Friendship, whoſe ſacred Gems delight the Soul,
And ſmooth o'er golden Sands divinely roll;
With Seraphs Wings o'er-ſhades the blifsful Plan,
And bids the Almighty truly bloom in Man;
With ſilken Knot unites angelic Love,
And paints below the Beauties of above.
'Tis better far the greateſt Ills to know,
Or ſink diſtracted in a Gulph of Woe;
Or caught in Famine's Net to meet your End,
Than e'er to crop the Bloſſoms of a Friend:
Sometimes his Muſe in cleaner Meadows ſtrays,
And ſmart in rural Notes ſonorous brays;

With

With Ears erect the Swain the Brethren meet,
And quick convey the Song to————:
With open Mouths imbibe fraternal Strains,
And yawn Concerto's to reſounding Plains;
Surpris'd at firſt beſide the Stranger paſs,
But yet ſuppoſe his inward Form's an ——:
Enchanting Spells perhaps confine the Frame;
But ſtill within, th' unfetter'd Soul's the ſame:
How ſweet the braſſy Sound, how gravely wiſe;
He ſurely ſhines a Brother in Diſguiſe!
For Men of Senſe ne'er judge alone by Shape,
And oft can ſee Perfect'ons in an Ape;
In gilded Coach a tinſel'd Rogue can ſmell,
And find by Chance the Devil in a Cell;
Unaſk'd, to him the Crowd Alleg'ance pay,
And jointly glut the Bleſſings of the Day;
In ſolemn State their grand Regalia bring,
And hail with Joy a Parent and a King.
With borrow'd Phiz ſly *Prot'us* decks the Scene;
In Shape a Saint, in Deed an Harlequin:

Deep in his Heart deceitful Vapours roll,
And charm to ſelfiſh Ends his willing Soul;
With fauning Cant will praiſe each preſent Face;
When gone, with equal Eaſe the ſame diſgrace;
At *G—s* ſmart aſſumes a Doctor's Air;
As C——d——y ſoft, as blooming *N——e* fair.
If youthful Faults a Brother's Boſom ſtain,
Shan't he from them ſome ſnug Advantage gain?
Behind the Curtain feed the dying Flame,
And bold by Proxy ſpread the noiſy Fame;
By his Misfortunes catch an eaſy Prize;
Whoe'er can flinch where Intereſt blinds our Eyes?
Now to the Field the Combat to behold;
His ſable Garb and woeworn Looks unfold.
The great Sir Formal comes, but thus debates:
"Am I a Mortal to reſiſt the Fates?
I who was call'd Life's Bleſſing to beſtow;
Shou'd I doom Mortals to the Shades below?
I who like *Cincinnatus* once unknown,
Call'd from the Plough-ſhare to ſupport the Throne!

Shall

Shall I thus lately rais'd from native Clod,
Not thank my Maker, or forſake my God?
Tho' hoſtile Weapon decks my manly Thigh,
And ſturdy—— my Courage does defy,
The Wretch I'll ſcorn, with Menaces I'll brave,
And prove myſelf inſtead of him the——;
For trans'ent Honours never riſk my Wealth,
But Falſtaff-like preſerve my noble Self."
With pidling Steps behind *Narciſſus* ſwims;
Tho' fine his tender make, yet ſtrong his Limbs.
Come quick ye nine politer Stanzas bring,
And bold in mighty Strains my Beauty ſing.
Deſcribe the blooming Follies as they roll,
And form a Fribble's Image to my Soul?
How ſmug the jointed Doll, how ſmartly Gay;
His Body's ſurely made of finer Clay!
So ſmooth in roſy Pride his Cheek diſplays,
It's native Crayons and its gloſſy Rays:
How dull to him plump *Venus* ſwells her Charms,
Not nigh ſo white the Poliſh of her Arms;

With Joy the crowding Nymphs his Bloom behold,
And gape delighted on the Shrine of Gold;
With open Breaſts receive the pleaſing Dart,
And claſp the darling Idol to their Heart.
E'en Moll awhile forgets to ſweep the Way,
And baſks enchanted in the bliſsful Ray;
With Porter nicely wets his Honour's Name,
And damps with that the Fury of her Flame:
In pearly Rings his Wig ſublimely bends,
And down in equal State the Tye deſcends;
In ſnowy Groups the wanton Treſſes dance,
And ſhow the Capers of almighty *France*;
As ſpruce with *Renie*'s cut, his Doublet blooms,
And ſhines the Product of the gallic Looms:
For here like Fools alone the Cloth you waſte,
And ſcarce can find a Taylor with a Taſte!
On milky Hand the crowded Di'monds ſhine,
Whilſt round in ſilken Pride the Rollups twine:
When e'er he ſpeaks how ſweet the Balſam glides,
And perch'd on hackney Nag divinely rides;

How infinitely high the blooming Senſe!
Superb his Numbers, and his Thoughts immenſe!
Awhile the BEDFORD liſtens to his Song,
And round in ſmiling Groups the Spirits throng;
For Men of Wit ſometimes to Trifles bend;
As oft for Fun to meaner Strains deſcend:
He ſcorns your dirty CUBS, the Syſtem's groſs,
And oft ſuperbly dine with Prince *De B*——;
Can ſmart with open Hand F——G——S lend;
So grand the Bleſſings of a royal Friend:
By chance he's bit, but ſtill his Honours ſhine;
For who in Siege can e'er point out a Mine:
'Tis thus where Foreſts ſtud the Plain around,
And baited Faggots hide the cavern'd Ground:
A noble Beaſt miſtakes the painted Show,
And ſinks deluded to the Pit below:
By Secret rare diſabl'd Swains can charm,
And bold with Sparks of Love their Spirits warm;
To frozen Limbs their native Springs can give,
And bid again prolific Beauties live;

Again can make the ſluggiſh Fountain roll,
And raiſe with chymic Spur the drowſy Soul:
Behind advanc'd a dull beſpatter'd Pack,
With each a greaſy Bundle at his Back;
More ample Charms their buffy Limbs adorn,
And ſwell incircl'd with ſuper'or Brawn;
Each Cable Nerve gigantic Spirits fill;
More proper far for Butchers than a PILL:
With doubl'd Fiſts in Rear they keep the Plain,
And guard the Baggage of the fighting Train.
Here ſtrong on ſturdy Props my R——N ſhines,
And boaſts a TOPHAM's Vigour in his Loins;
Each Day will boldly cry his Maſter down,
As brave with Scandal ſtrive to tempt the Town;
There ſtout with equal *Bronze* plump WACKUM ſtands,
And graſps the Fate of thouſands in his Hands.
No Blows, no Thumps, can ſtorm the brazen Wall;
Their Hides will ſcarcely yield to Cannon Ball:
Thus Stonehenge round diſplays its ruſtic Charms;
Th' unwieldy Product of Atlantic Arms;

Each

Each maſſy Block itſelf a Mountain lies;
Unſhaken braves the Tempeſt of the Skies:
E'en Time their outward Coat can ſcarce deface,
Or gnaw with venom'd Tooth a ſingle Grace.
Now briſk in Ranks the fighting Cocks engage,
And ſharp on rattling Skulls the Peſtles rage!
In ruddy Streams their Noſes ſpout around,
And rotten Teeth lie ſcatter'd on the Ground;
With Phyſic-Blood the fatten'd Furies glow;
When BRONZO quickly ſpy'd his mortal Foe!
To Grin terrific, join'd a gloomy Frown,
Reſolv'd to pull by Force his Rival down;
Whilſt he with equal Rage the Chief beheld,
And ſtout with equal Flames his Boſom ſwell'd;
In ſcornful Air his flaſhing Eye-balls roll,
Prepar'd to pierce the Bottom of his Soul;
But firſt with lifted Hands the Sun ſurvey'd,
And thus with ſolemn Face devoutly pray'd:
" If e'er from thee great God we learn'd our Trade,
" Or e'er to thee due welcome Honours paid?

" If ſtill thou'rt pleas'd to dwell in Britiſh Plains,
" And ſtill the Name of Phyſic's God maintains?
" With wonted Kindneſs hear my Humble Call,
" And view with parent Eyes the ſinking Hall!
" Thy mighty Charms with Force triumphant ſhow,
" And ſtretch on humble Fields the vaunting Foe!
" To thee whole Mounts of coſtly Gums ſhall blaze,
" And bear on ſpicy Clouds thy welcome Praiſe;
" To thee our tender Nymphs ſhall Peans ſing,
" And ſhouting Youth the Spoils in Triumph bring."
Thus ſaid, he met the Don with eager Pace,
And ſquirts an oily Glyſter in his Face:
With Syringe charg'd again renews the Blow,
And hurls the Champ'on to the Tides below:
With half-ſhut Eyes the—— knows the Tides,
And ſwift beneath the parent Billows glides:
In circling Rills the Goddess ſhuts her Charms,
And ſucks the Hero in her downy Arms;
Their Brothers Smell the ſooty Naiads know,
And pleas'd, in ſmiling Groups around him flow;

Above the Squadrons mourn their fallen Chief,
And vent in piercing Sighs ſeraphic Grief;
And is my Darling ſunk BRONZOIDES cries!
And is my Darling ſunk FLEET-DITCH replies!
Whilſt he beneath enjoys ambros'al Fields,
And ſips each balmy Juice the Kennel yields;
In purling Sinks with innate Pleaſure ſwims,
And reſts on ouzy Banks his weari'd Limbs;
With open Mouth imbibes the thicken'd Flood,
And gains new Vigour from his native Mud;
The Waves again their gen'al Warmth inſpire,
And raiſe with double Flame the twinkling Fire:
In haſte the Hero climbs the ſable Strand,
And joins th' embattel'd Spirits on the Strand;
As boldly bids again the Battle jarr,
And graſps again the Thunderbolts of War;
His ſwelling Breaſt with ſharpen'd Courage burns,
Whilſt ſwift from Vein to Vein the Fury runs;
Whene'er he ſtrikes whole Myriads dye the Plain,
And bite with gnaſhing Teeth the Duſt in vain;

With ſwimming Eyes behold their Kingdom fall,
And mourn with gaſping Breath the ruin'd Hall.
Thus oft we've ſeen two brawny Bunters fight,
And ſtain with noble Blood the Dunghill's height:
At length when one is forc'd to bravely yield,
And leave with batter'd Jaws the well-fought Field,
The Swain to ſome paternal Cellar flies;
As quick to Mammy's darling Bottle hies;
With Joy perceives the Spirit ſhine within,
And ſucks new Balſam from immortal Gin.
Now ſudden Clouds o'er-ſpread the ſable Skies;
Around in forky Darts the Lightning flies;
In gloomy Pomp a noble—— aroſe;
His———— the trembling Caitiff knows;
His ſinking Veins the livid Horror fills;
Each ſtarting Nerve with———— thrills;
A fatal Miſt o'er-whelms his twinkling Eyes,
And loſt in duſky Night the Hero dies;
Around their fainting Prince the Crowds advance;
United ſtrive to raiſe him from the Trance;

In vain with ſharpeſt Salts his Nob aſſail;
E'en then his dear ſpecific—— fail;
When one produc'd a Balſam from his Hoſe,
And held the fragrant Eſſence to his Noſe,
Quick to his Soul the dear Effluv'as dart,
And raiſe with potent Steams his drooping Heart:
With peeping Eyes he views the welcome Light;
Again beholds the——— in his Sight;
For Consc'ence ſtill with Argus Thoughts awakes,
And ſtrong alone an hundred Phantoms makes:
Unſoil'd can make the meaneſt Coward brave,
And once when touch'd can make the King a Slave;
Again in Death his ſtruggling Soul expires,
And ſunk for ever to the Shades retires:
Their Leader dead, the Chiefs a Truce demand,
And reſt their bloody Weapons on the Strand;
Some little Time by Right of Nat'ons crave,
To lay their Monarch in a decent Grave.

CANTO IV.

NOW tell-tale FAME pronounced the Heroe dead!
From Street to Street the noiſy Rumour's ſpread!
With open Wings aſcends high HOLBORN's Plain,
And ſwift proclaims the News at DRURY-LANE;
To DOWDA next, the flying Sound's convey'd;
The brawny PALLAS of the Cypr'an Trade.
" And is my Deary gone the Matron cries!
" And wipes with ruddy Arms her blubb'ring Eyes:
" No more ſhall we ſuck in the jelly'd Rack,
" Or e'er with juicy Palm rub down thy Back;
" No more ſhall thou on panting Bubbies lye,
" And loſt for Weeks in melting Pleaſures dye;
" In HOURY's Arms thy raptur'd Soul ſhall ſleep,
" And taſte the Bleſſings of th' eternal Deep."

She

She ſpoke, and quickly call'd her buxom Train,
And ſhook with mighty Voice the trembling Plain:
Each Cellar deep, each lofty Garret knows;
Their Monarchs bawl, and round the Summons goes;
Each ſprightly Nymph with haſte obeys the Sound,
From great St. JAMES's to St. GILES's Pound:
Firſt BETSY fair, and ſoft BELINDA brown,
And blooming MOLL the PHILLIS of the Town:
In HEBE's Charms the ſweet NARCISSA plac'd,
And wanton PEG with flaxen Treſſes grac'd.
From blotted Reams the fam'd THERESA ſtarts,
And quick with inky Hands to Court departs;
Of riffl'd Charms awhile deſiſts to ſing;
More laſting Gems the new Subſcribers bring,
For Gold an hundred ſlips can nicely heal,
And cloſe the Wound the Scar you ſcarce can feel;
Can turn a Negro white, make Nat'ons dumb;
For who was yet a Rogue who boaſts a Plumb?
Behind advanc'd a ſmart bewitching Flock,
Juſt ſail'd new-bottom'd from the KINGSLAND Dock:

The Synod met, the Queen relates the Cauſe;
The tender Nymphs with throbbing Boſoms pauſe;
From ſome the Tears in ſmall Meanders flow,
Whilſt others weep in nobler Streams below:
Smart Nancy firſt the gloomy Silence broke,
And thus in cheering Strains the Damſel ſpoke:
" In Grief my Soul the great Misfortune ſhows;
" An equal Loſs my widow'd Boſom knows;
" But ſtill with ſteady Heart ſupport the Cauſe,
" And view with pat'ent Eyes Dame Nature's Laws;
" Whoſe Pen impart'al blots the Names of all,
" And bids alike a Mite, or *Denmark* fall;
" Muſt ſtill to Fate by Turns our Lives reſign;
" 'Twas his To-day, To-morrow, your's or mine:
" Whole Floods of Tears in vain can move the Dead;
" Before the Gulph the ſacred Curtain's ſpread:
" Our Sighs and Groans can juſt but reach the Wall,
" Then ſunk in Air beneath the Rampart fall;
" But Glory's Beams his lofty Soul inſpir'd,
" And bold in Honour's Bed the Chief expir'd:

" Let us in decent Pomp his Bur'al grace,
" And view the Relic of th' athen'an Race:
" In this alone our true Regard can ſhow,
" And bid the World ſuper'or Merit know:
" Thus done, united meet the boaſting Trains,
" And cheer with welcome Gore his drooping Manes:
" Ne'er fear my Girls, our Foes are yet but Men,
" And I myſelf, am ſure can manage Ten:
" DESPAIR alone can rout an hundred Bands,
" And ſhake the Kingdoms of a thouſand Lands:
" With double Force each ſmall Misfortune knows:
" At her Command a Sea from Bubbles flows:
" In deerful Vales below whom *Phœbus* ſcorns,
" And *Flora* Faints encumber'd in the Thorns:
" Enthron'd on canker'd Heaps the Fiend reclines,
" Her tortur'd Limbs, and in Diſtract'on ſhines:
" Above *Old Care* diſtends his leaden Wings:
" Beneath, in gory Streams Confus'on ſprings.
" Here pale in penſive Mood Self-Murder ſtands,
" And holds the Weapon in her trembling Hands:

" Awhile with ſeeming Joy her Eyes ſurvey
" Bright Reaſon pointing to the nobler Way:
" But ſtill aſide beholds her gloomy God;
" Then gives the Blow obedient to his Nod;
" There foaming Madneſs ſtruts with raſh Deſire
" Her Looks all Light'ning and her Eye-balls Fire
" Now laughs in wanton Smiles; now groans and cries.
" Now humbly ſeeks the Grave, and then the Skies;
" With frantic Joy obeys miſtaken Laws,
" And falls a Victim to a phantom'd Cauſe."

She ſpoke, the Nymphs receive the welcome Strains,
And long to reap the Laurels of the Plains;
Then ſtraight reſolve a grand Parade to make;
But firſt a Dram by wiſe Precaut'on take;
For puny Souls ſome cord'al Drops require,
To raiſe to proper Height the female Fire.
In mighty State great DOWDA leads the Van,
And ſtruts the Captain of the motley Clan;
The Front almighty blaze with rich Brocade;
In ſilken Pride the next their Charms diſplay'd;

Their

Their wanton Rags the third in Zephyrs puff;
The Rear refulgent ſhines in native Buff:
Soon as the Crowd perceiv'd the Fair deſcend,
And downward to the Field the Covey bend,
With open Arms the ſhining Squadrons meet,
And guard the Corps in Honour to the Street;
With weeping Eyes they view the Hero ſlain!
And ſtretch'd diſhonour'd on the muddy Plain;
Each tender Fair the fallen Beauty kiſs,
Nor knows the lumpiſh Log the proferr'd Bliſs;
No balmy Sweets can pierce his ſtupid Scull,
But ſleeps in Chains inanimately dull:
BRONZOIDES next the Relic of the Line,
With equal Rays his ſolid Merits ſhine;
Soft in the Ditch unſtrip'd his Brother throws,
For Chiefs are always bury'd in their Cloths;
Alone with Care preſerves his Arms of Braſs;
By Right to him the grand Regala paſs;
For theſe old BRONZO will'd in Times of yore,
If true the Annals of fam'd HOCKLEY's Shore,

Each hopeful Son from Age to Age to grace,
And ſhine an Emblem of their noble Race:
This done, his Stile the ſhouting Crowds proclaim,
And tell in noiſy Pomp his ſounding Name:
Here *M. D.* firſt and next——— bawl;
There Phyſic's Chief another GALEN call;
Plump in the Mud he ſinks profoundly deep;
In ſolemn Pomp the Waves bedimpl'd creep:
Her former Arts in vain the Goddeſs tries;
The ſtrongeſt Charm his drowſy Soul denies:
No more Specifies raiſe the Vital Light;
He falls degraded to the Realms of Night.
This Buſ'neſs o'er again the Combat glows;
Again in purple Tides the Slaughter flows;
Their potent Flames the Nymphs diſperſe around,
And quickly bring whole Squadrons to the Ground:
Where'er they march enchanted Armies fall,
And give for loſt the Charter of the Hall!
APOLLO now beheld the Battle loſt;
Around on gory Heaps his Bullies toſt;

With

With haſte the Wings of ruſhing Winds aſcends,
And downward to the Field in Clouds decends;
His Limbs no more their heavenly Beauty feel,
But quickly take the Form of fam'd D——;
In ſturdy Ranks behind the Tipſtaves ſtand,
With each a ſearching Warrant in his Hand;
His Worſhip's Face the trembling Nymphs perceive,
And ſcarce with twinkling Eyes themſelves believe:
Here ſome in ſcreaming Groups amazed fly!
Whilſt others wait their us'al Scheme to try;
Reſolve with ſhining Joys his Palm to ſqueeze,
And ſnug with golden Oil his Conſc'ence greaſe;
For Britiſh Fair diſdain a Tyrant's Arms,
Nor e'er to Search reſign their ſacred Charms;
Who bloom by Birth, from Laws deſpotic freed,
And ſooner far in Purſe than Honour bleed;
Sincerely hate the Pope's Profeſſion,
And ne'er ſubmit to cloſe Confeſſion;
For who can tell what Arts the Prieſt may ſhew,
Or yet how far his fervent Zeal may go?

For this we firſt began the War with *Spain*;
For this our Squadrons beat the raging Main:
Reſolv'd by Force our Native Rights to keep,
And ſearch ourſelves the Smuglers of the Deep:
With knitted Brows the Night refus'd the Fee;
Surpris'd the Crowds unus'al Merit ſee!
With larger Baits attempt to hook the Game;
But ſtill behold his ſtubborn Heart's the ſame!
With double Warmth their Bribe the God diſdains,
And drives the Victims to the diſtant Plains:
O'er Carts and Stalls th' affrighted Squadrons fly,
Swift as the Light'ning of diſorder'd Sky.
Now Aprons, Hoods and Caps, adorn the Flood,
And *Dreſden*'s Pride diſhonour'd in the Mud:
Here Curls and Tates are rudely toſt in Air;
The raviſh'd Secrets of the conquer'd Fair!
'Tis thus when Summer paints the ſmiling Plains,
And o'er the waving Lawn gay *Flora* reigns:
The blooming Fair adorn the Mall around,
And deck with motley Charms th' enamell'd Ground:

When

When ſudden Clouds o'er-ſpread the ſpangl'd Skies,
And down in rainy Sheets the Tempeſt flies;
In little Seas the Stream deſcending flows,
There Fribble nicely trips to ſave his Cloths;
Here ſome beneath the Trees their Beauty ſcreen,
Whilſt *John* politely fits the Capuchine;
And others faſter run with huddl'd Air,
And ſink degraded in a Hackney Chair.
The Female's fled, ether'al Trumpets ſound,
And draw by magic Art the Troops around,
Again in native Dreſs bright *Phœbus* ſhines;
Again in roſy Streaks his Glory twines;
With ſmiling Face beſpeaks the crowding Trains,
In cheerful Accents and ſeraphic Strains:
" Enough my Sons, no more let Fury rage;
" With gentle Gales the riſing Flames aſſuage?
" Let Battles now for ſoft Endearments ceaſe,
" And taſte the Bounties of indulgent Peace?
" With Joy I've heard each worthy Brother's Pains;
" QUIXOIDES Per'ods, and my NESTOR's Strains;

" With

" With equal Eyes have ſeen each Quack invade,
" Paternal Honours and paternal Trade.
" Here ſome in dirty Paths degraded plod;
" Make Noſtrums Science, and a Farthing God;
" Whilſt others boldly ſcorn mechanic Rules;
" Call Phyſic Nonſenſe, and the College Fools;
" Diſdain the Virtues of each potent Pill;
" And he's the beſt who makes the longeſt Bill:
" Do you to Drugs alone your Art confine,
" Nor ſtrive in other Paths to meanly ſhine?
" And you ſincerely blow the chymic Flame,
" And gain by honeſt Deeds immortal Fame!
" So each ſhall long in Peace their Realms maintain,
" And join in equal Links great Nature's Chain:
" If public Cares by chance your Boſoms ſwell,
" And long in Roman Strains your Wrongs to tell,
" Let HILL or——— point the gilded Way;
" With greedy Eyes their innate Worth ſurvey:
" Impart'al Zeal their lofty Souls inſpires,
" Majeſtic Numbers and perſwaſive Fires;

" With

" With open Rays MINERVA's Beauty ſhines,
" A CATO's Courage and a MURRAY's Lines:
" Admiring Senates glut the pleaſing Strains;
" Deny the Bus'neſs but applaud their Pains:
" So bright the Rays of Elocut'on beam,
" And ſport delighted in their native Stream:
" Sweet ELOQUENCE whoſe noble Spirit brings,
" Imper'al Reaſon on her downy Wings,
" By Words alone can bid Confus'on ceaſe,
" And charm contending Nat'ons to a Peace.
" She ſpoke, and Cherubs liſten'd as ſhe ſung,
" Whilſt Seraphs bleſt the Beauties of her Tongue;
" So ſweet in balmy Drops the Period flows;
" Her Language pleaſing as the full-blown Roſe;
" In nervous Streams her Senſe directs the Tides,
" And pearch'd on ev'ry Rill Perſuas'on glides:
" Now bids the Soul to mighty Plains aſpire,
" And baſk triumphant in th' ether'al Fire;
" With Scorn behold infer'or Atoms riſe,
" And ſhine in Thought the Monarch of the Skies:

" Again can melt us with pathetic Woe,
" And ſink our Spirits to the Shades below;
" That ſcarce herſelf all Nature owns the God,
" And fades or blooms obedient to her Nod;
" Or if a Patr'ots Wreaths your Thoughts unfold,
" And long yourſelves to act the Deeds of Old;
" With equal State lo! Virtue mounts the Car,
" Whilſt Gems refulgent gild the riſing Star;
" Each anc'ent Hero join'd to form his Soul,
" And bad from Seraph's Wings a JANSSEN roll:
" There briſk her Rays again great ROME can ſpread,
" And raiſe triumphant Conſuls from the Dead;
" No leſs BRITANNIA bids her Princes ſhine,
" And round his Head the free-born Laurel twine;
" With noble Breaſt he ſcorns the cringing Slave;
" True without Pay, and ſtill as wiſely brave;
" In decent Pride conducts the ſolemn Cauſe;
" Himſelf ſuffic'ent to defend the Laws;
" So ſtrong on vulgar Minds true Spirit beams,
" And draws in gentle Waves the riſing Streams;

" Unarm'd

" Unarm'd contending Mobs can quickly thaw,
" And charm inſulting Thouſands to an Awe;
" Or if on Phyſic's Plain you'd rather tread,
" And round in Truth the balmy Eſſence ſpread,
" Let S——G kindly lend the pleaſing Art;
" His blooming Knowledge and his ſteady Heart?
" Secure o'er miſty Clouds his Beams diſplay,
" Triumphant Virtue and eternal Day;
" For Merit ſtill ſurvives an hundred Foes,
" And ſure, tho' late, the native Laurel blows!
" Each future Age his laſting Skill ſhall feel,
" And blame their Parents for miſtaken Zeal;
" Nor yet alone let S——G lead the Van;
" Of BARROWBY the great Example ſcan;
" Where Science deep and Wit ſincerely join,
" And pleas'd with equal Rays their Beauties ſhine;
" Whoſe Learning blooms without pedantic Shows,
" From noble Springs the pleaſing Fountain flows:
" Let him with parent Gales your Canvas fill,
" And climb with equal Steps the riſing Hill?

" With him attempt to ſhare the well plac'd Crown,
" Who blooms the Health and *Tully* of the Town ;
" Or would you yet to loftier Plains aſpire,
" And touch with mortal Hands ether'al Fire;
" Let M——D indulgent plume your feeble Wings,
" And learn from him what Joys true Spirit brings ;
" Where round bright Honour's Rays impart'al fly,
" And cheer with open Wings th' unbounded Sky :
" With parent Art each infant Gen'us tills ;
" Each drooping Wit with new-born Courage fills ;
" Who makes the World to clouded Merit juſt,
" And raiſe Pallad'an Beauties from the Duſt;
" With equal Care each Day defends the Whole;
" A Nat'on's Body and a Nat'on's Soul.
" But if your Minds delight in am'rous Feats,
" Lo! B——N ſlide triumphant from the Sheets ;
" With pigmy Strut relates of dying Maids,
" And Rivals ſent by hundreds to the Shades ;
" Of VENUS' COURTS with due Submiſs'on ſpeaks,
" And bears their modeſt PICTURE in his Cheeks;

" Tho'

" Tho' BROUGHTON's Make his finer Limbs diſdain,
" Unfit in *Tott'nham*'s Booth to box the Plain;
" In ſofter Fields can ſtoutly win the Prize,
" And ſmart each Bout in due Proport'on riſe:
" 'Tis thus on Thatch'd-Houſe Top the SPARROW treads
" The yielding Nymph, and proud his Pin'ons ſpreads;
" In Chirups blithly ſings the conquer'd Fair,
" And cleaves in royal Pomp th' obed'ent Air;
" With Scorn beholds infer'or Atoms roll,
" And forms an Eagle's Courage in his Soul;
" Or if in ſafer Paths you'd rather tread,
" And 'ſcape the Dangers of a broken Head;
" Or ſnug at Eaſe poſſeſs the yielding Fair,
" Nor fear each Noiſe an injur'd Huſband's Air;
" From GRUEL learn the ſurer way to Kiſs,
" And gain by cheaper Means an equal Bliſs;
" With him reform the Expences of the Town,
" And nicely ſport a WEEK FOR HALF A CROWN?

" With

" With EIGHT as kindly join to bleſs the Fair; "
" Content by Turns to take a Neighbour's Fare;
" 'Twas thus as Stories tell in Times of yore,
" When Spring eternal deck'd the golden Shore:
" Mankind in common ſhar'd th' embroider'd Hills;
" The teeming Vallies and the milky Rills;
" Each Nymph would kindly heal a Lover's Pain,
" And they as kind divide the ſmiling Train;
" At once with peaceful Joy embrac'd their Wiſh,
" And calmly dipp'd like Brothers in a Diſh:
" Theſe Things are now politely Taſte in Mode;
" By this your choicer Wits are truly ſhow'd:
" But ſtill with airy Charms diſguiſe the Truth,
" And only ſhine the Follies of your Youth:
" 'Tis FANCY firſt that draws the painted Scene;
" Th' enamel'd Gewgaw or the tinſel'd Queen:
" With double Gloſs beholds the Charmer ſhine;
" Each Nymph a Goddeſs and each Trull divine!
" If outward Forms ſome ſtriking Beauties ſhow,
" From thence you form as equal Gifts below:

" How

" How ſwift from ſimple Hoop the Shoes can kill!
" The Fairy Steps your Souls with Tranſports fill;
" But if by Chance the Stocking pops it's Charms,
" You long to lie for ever in her Arms;
" Yet once when known, the Bliſs you find the ſame,
" Th' embroider'd Dutcheſs or the tatter'd Dame:
" 'Tis Love, not Luſt, can feed the veſtal Fire,
" Or fan with Seraph's Wings the true Deſire.
" In Minds ſincerely link'd the Scheme's alone,
" And each is truly happy in his own.
" Iv'e juſt enough my Lads with Pleaſure ſaid;
" You'd better now digeſt it in the Head:
" See yonder Street whole Groups of Pat'ents fill,
" And wait with open Mouths to take the Pill!
" With haſte my Sons in Peace unite your Bands,
" And jointly reap the Harveſt of the Lands."
He ſpoke, and quickly cleav'd the yielding Skies
With golden Pin'ons, and to *Olympus* flies;
With equal Joy the ſhouting Swains receive,
The welcome Numbers, and the God believe;

Aloud

Aloud proclaim the Truce from Band to Band;
Each Brother ſhakes his Neighbour by the Hand;
Reſolve to ſhare the Profits of the Town,
And quickly ſign the Treaty at the CROWN; †
Each Envoy ſlowly walks with ſer'ous Air,
As when they're ſummon'd to attend the MAY'R;
Or when to dine at three they leave the Flood,
And trudge with ſolemn Order in the Mud:
Around the verdant Board the Members ſhine,
And pleaſed in Streams of Punch the Treaty ſign.
This done, relate the Virtues of the ſlain,
And paint in Drink the Battles of the Plain;
Each bloody Rank with wetted Finger tell,
And where in Death each blooming Hero fell:
Thus Sportſmen pleas'd again their Toils ſurvey;
At Supper boaſt the Conqueſts of the Day;
Deſcribe the mazy Turnings of the Hare;
Here *Jowler* ſeiz'd her firſt, and *Ringwood* there:
Relate the Beauties of each Dog and Bitch,
And how Sir THOMAS boldly leap'd a Ditch.

CAN.

† A Tavern formerly on *Ludgate-Hill.*

CANTO V.

YE bunting Nymphs attend me as I ſing,
And ſmart in blackguard Lines the Song begin:
And thou CINDRILLA kind afford thine Aids,
The purſy Monarch of the duſty Maids;
With equal Jaw my willing Mouth inſpire,
And lend awhile the Numbers of thy Sire;
As when on Dunghill Top thou tun'ſt the Shell,
And bids each Line with Damns Pindaric ſwell;
Whilſt pleas'd in wanton puffs thy Pipe around,
From Mount to Mount conveys the welcome Sound.
Thus taught by thee each Group their Voices try,
And belch mundungus Peans to the Sky;
With juicy Quid anoint the vocal String,
And charm the frowzy Zephyrs as they ſing;

Whilſt Hogs below awhile forget their Grains,
And Grunt in Concert to their native Strains;
Nor yet alone ſhalt thou aſſiſt my Song;
To Themes like this ſublimer Charms belong.
O thou GREAT GOD whoſe liquid Flames can ſpread,
Prolific Nonſenſe to a Numſkull's Head;
Whom BRICK-STREET'S Vales and TOTT'NHAM'S Mounts obey,
And oft to thee their Thanks in Bumpers pay:
Inſpir'd by thee each Wretch forgets his Cries,
And climbs each Glaſs the Summit of the Skies;
By thee ennobl'd ſcorns his native Clod,
And boldly jumps from Brick-Duſt to a God;
In raged Groups to thee Thankſgiving ſing,
Whilſt CAZEY claims the Title of a King;
Can nicely rule whole Kingdoms in his Drink,
And boaſts a phantom'd Scepter in his LINK:
Each Quartern ſharp the tuneful Number's raiſe,
And draw from *Phœbus'* Caſk poetic Lays;

In lofty Lines olympic Fights proclaim,
And tell in ſkiping Tropes the pleaſing Game:
The Treaty now by bouzy Heroes ſign'd;
Their Bottle out each pamper'd Monarch din'd;
To ſolemn Deeds reſolve to join a Play,
And paſs in Jokes the Relic of the Day;
With TOTHILL Sports to gild the bloody Shore;
Again to peaceful Fields their Wakes reſtore:
With eaſy Chairs in Form the Judges grac'd;
The reſt around in circl'd Order plac'd;
The Maſter firſt awhile ſurvey'd the Plain,
Then thus with roſy Cheeks beſpoke the Train:
" Here firſt behold a Wig ſuperb the Curls,
" Whilſt ſnug in ſnowy Tyes the Ringlet twirls;
" In Phyſic-Cut each Knot politely twines,
" And round in Sheets gaſconic Powder ſhines:
" The Chief whoſe Legs can ſwiftly tread the Plain,
" And firſt with oily Limbs the Goal obtain:
" Be his the Tye, the next who leaves the Mob;
" Be his with equal Right an humble Bob;

" Such as you've ſeen galenic Viſage grace,
" And ſhade with buſhy Locks a NEVILL's Face;
" Tho' made in ſhorter Form the Charm's no leſs,
" And often decks a Doctor in Undreſs."
Thus ſaid, as quick as Thought *Adonis* roſe;
With inward Flame his riſing Boſom glows;
With dancing Eyes the flowing Locks beholds,
And ſmart with griping Fiſt the Gem enfolds;
To gaping Crowds his noble Worth proclaims,
And bold by native Right the Laurel claims:
" So ſmooth his gloſſy Phiz, ſo ſmartly gim,
" There's none can doubt the Perukes made for him:"
And next old *Crocus* ſtands with eaſy Grace,
And ſhows with equal Charms his ſmiling Face;
As bold the Prize his eager Looks ſurvey,
Reſolv'd to try the Fortunes of the Day.
Now plac'd on equal Mark the Heroes ſhine,
And wait with panting Souls th' expected Sign:
That done, at once they ſtart and ſkim the Plain,
And leave with nimble Feet the ſhouting Train;

Not half ſo quick the Zephyrs tread the Sky,
Or pearch'd on fleeting Clouds ſublimer fly;
So ſoft they gently paſs the muddy Ways,
That ſcarce their piddling Steps the Surface raiſe:
But Miſchief ſtill attends on mortal Souls,
And ſtill around the hidden Monſter rolls,
Juſt by where ſcolding MOLL devoutly plies,
And kind for ſooty Swains the Sauſage fries;
With Ketchup Quids each Taſte can nicely pleaſe,
And ſmart from ſweaty Hands the Gravey ſqueeze;
Each dainty Link with wetted Finger ſips,
And draws ambros'al Eſſence from her Lips:
Not near ſo good a Diſh could CHLOE mix:
In vain to her could Stew a Coach and Six;
To Soup as bold an hundred Acres damn,
And boil an Ounce of Eſſence from an Ham:
Here late the unlucky Maid had juſt before,
Unbung'd her Barrel on the flinty Shore;
Beſide, had raſhly thrown the Greaſe around,
And daub'd with Dabs of Drip the ſtony Ground;

As glib as Ice the whiten'd Pavement grows,
Whilſt down in briny Rills the Fountain flows:
Here briſk poor *Crocus* fell, unhappy Fate!
Misfortunes oft unjuſtly meet the Great;
With ſtumbling Feet o'er-turns the Stall around,
And draws the crazy Mans'on to the Ground;
O'er Head and Heels poor MOLL diſabl'd falls,
And Rogue and Dog one Breath together calls;
With weeping Eyes beholds the thicken'd Flood,
Her ſpicy Treaſure ſwimming in the Mud;
Whilſt he with Sighs th' untimely Fate bemoan'd,
And thus with inward Grief devoutly groan'd:
" No more my Rays again ſhall beam like thine,
" Or e'er like thee in ſnowy Foreſt ſhine:
" No more with knotted Grace my Perſon ſhew,
" Or ſmart like B——N ſtrut a Colledge Beau; †
" Muſt now with dirty Face deſert the Job,
" And live contented with a frowzy Bob."
Thus far he ſpoke, when ſtraight the friendly Train,
As kindly throng to help him from the Plain;

With

† *Warwick-Street.*

With criſt'al Streams reſtore his blooming Grace,
And wipe with Pocket-clouts his plaſter'd Face;
With eager Joy the Poſt *Adonis* gains,
And pleas'd with open Hands the Prize obtains;
Whilſt he receives the Bob with equal Smiles,
And ſmooth with cheerful Looks his Loſs beguiles;
For Men of Senſe will all ſubmit to Fate;
The Battle loſt Repentance comes too late.
Now pleas'd to ſecond Act the Chiefs adjourn,
And bid again the aſpiring Boſom burn.
" Who beſt his Right can prove by noble Strains,
" And ſtout with noiſy Tongue the Fight maintains,
" Shall ſtraight this Prize receive with loud Applauſe,
" And reign the Monarch of the golden Cauſe;
" By ſecret Charm Mercurial Vapour mixt,
" And ſnug by nicer Art ſecurely fixt;
" Can ſmart to Gold convert a Lump of Lead,
" And ſwift by ſingle Touch its Virtue ſpread."
At once with Ears erect two Spirits ſtand,
And view with ſolemn Air th' admiring Band:

Old MAMMON roughly firſt the Silence broke,
And thus in ſurly Tropes the Crowd beſpoke:
" And muſt I then for native Right contend,
" Or e'er to lowly Act like this deſcend?
" Shall I whoſe Head a Tun of Senſe can ſhow,
" And let as thick as Hops Conundrums flow,
" To gain my own with laurel'd Pate ſubmit,
" And forc'd to vulgar Sight unveil my Wit?
" Have oft to Bottom ſearch'd ſpageric Laws,
" And found with Argus-Eyes the hidden Cauſe;
" As oft in Nature's Groves as Sweetheart ſtray'd,
" And claſp'd with eager Arms the yielding Maid;
" Each ſecret Charm with ſwelling Soul have preſt,
" And ſuck'd ſeraphic Beauties from her Breaſt;
" Almoſt from her have learn'd to raiſe a Mine;
" And bid from earthly Clod a Di'mond ſhine;
" But Science ſtill ſpurs on my buſy Soul,
" As briſk to wider Fields my Spirits roll;
" With open Wings maintain the lofty Flight,
" For Knowledge ſure to Men of Merits light:

" Let

" Let empty Wits the ſacred Art deny,
" And ſmiling think each noble Fact a Lye;
" With haughty Air diſdain the chymic School,
" And raſhly call each prying Sage a Fool;
" But ſoon ſhall boldly prove my Syſtem true,
" And vex with heaps of Gold the ſneering Crew;
" Have long ago each knotty Secret known,
" And ſerv'd with Honour great my Time with——;
" From him have nicely learn'd what e'er he knew,
" And climb'd with him the Mountains of *Vertù*;
" Can ſmart with nimble Hand diſſect a Mouſe,
" And trace the nerv'ous Fluid in a Louſe;
" Can tell what Cloud the plumpeſt Woodcock brings,
" Or why a Swan with dying Pin'ons ſings;
" Each tender Plant, each foſſil Gen'us know,
" Which Earth can yield above or boaſt below;
" To fiddling Spheres can ſmartly dance a Gig,
" And make by Patent new a Whirligig:
" In ſhort, each Problem ſolve by Syſtem nice,
" And boldly Skait on metaphyſic Ice.

" If yet you doubt my Words, peruſe my Plan,
" In that with open Eyes my Knowledge ſcan;
" Survey the pleaſing Numbers as they roll,
" And form from thence an Image of my Soul;
" All Pains, all Aches can quickly drive away;
" Again can nicely patch the batter'd Clay;
" For triffling Sum inſure the Servants Life;
" Again to prattling Babes reſtore the Wife;
" The Duty's ſmall, a GUINEA pays the Year;
" Twelve Months from Ills and Fees you're ſnugly clear.
" Could here with Truth an hundred Caſes tell,
" And quick to mighty Reams my Numbers ſwell:
" But now of Words enough, for Words are vain,
" And Facts will nobly ſtill themſelves maintain."
He ſpoke,—— with rolling Eyes Sir TESTY roſe,
And thus with horrid Grin his Venom blows:
" You talk of this and that, and empty Rules,
" And think, except yourſelf, whole Kingdoms Fools;
" But ſtill each Line your preſent Scheme deny,
" And only write to give yourſelf the Lye;

" With

" With holy Tropes diſguiſe Empiric Strains,
" And kindly write a Goſſip's Tale for———:
" 'Tis ſhe alone can find the Secret out,
" And prove the Syſtem True at Female Rout;
" From Houſe to Houſe thy great Tranſact'ons ſpread,
" And boaſt of Thouſands riſen from the dead:
" Say where's th' Advantage to diſſect a Mite,
" And ſlow by Inches piddle into Light?
" Or bold with double Fiſt knock down the Fence,
" And mount the Breach to tumble into Senſe;
" Or if by Strains like thine ſublimely dull,
" I gain the Title of an empty Skull,
" Or fiſh for Senſe by miſcroſcopic Rule,
" And only peep to ſee yourſelf a Fool,
" Which all without Glaſs can plainly view,
" For none as yet deny'd the Syſtem true;
" To bigger Heads indeed who ape the Cauſe,
" Delight in Triffles and collected Straws."
" Theſe Things are Senſe and Wit ſupremely fine,
" And C——RS Notes are Rhapſody divine.

" How ſoft the *Plan* in dull Meanders flows;
" Each Line to them a ſweet Carnat'on blows;
" How ſtrong the Tropes to ſing a three-leg'd Fowl,
" Or write Pindaric Stanzas on an Owl:
" With eaſtern Waves the muddy Numbers beam,
" And Dulneſs ſwims the Naiad of the Stream:
" With Folly drunk they ſwill the royal Flood,
" And roll beſpangl'd on ambros'al Mud;
" Imbibe the Zephyrs of th' ether'al Bog,
" And prove that Sinks are Pancakes for an Hog:
" I own you've truly learnt the Gimcrac Trade,
" And ſmart each Year ſome new Improv'ment made;
" Have boldly gain'd the Prize from Rabble Rout,
" And oft been Knighted with a ſmoking Clout;
" In Pomp from Room to Room have dragg'd the Train,
" And kindly ſav'd poor tender *Moll* the Pain;
" Almoſt have truly found the golden Stone,
" And ſnugly made Peruv'an Mines your own:
" As yet, indeed, the preſent Syſtems fail,
" Another Scheme perhaps may turn the Scale;

" By chance may blunder on the other Half,
" And find imper'al Knowledge in a Calf;
" For oft we're told a bigger Head contains,
" In ampler Cells a larger Share of Brains;
" Sometimes indeed a barren Field is found,
" And only gives like Tubs an empty Sound;
" As oft the outward Skull's too thick, and then,
" The Senſe is ſtill encumber'd in the Pen;
" Alone by Cracks lets out a ſtupid Line,
" To ſhow what Charms beneath the Covert ſhine:
" This Claſs from Logs of Wood accept their Name,
" And ſtand recorded on the Blocks of Fame:
" If this, the Caſe you better know than we,
" For Men alone can judge by what they ſee:
" The firſt that raſhly breaks bright Reaſon's Rule,
" With us is counted Mad, at leaſt a Fool——.
" 'Tis kind indeed to help your Neighbour's Ill,
" And ſave th' Expences of a double Bill;
" By new Contrivance cramp the ſnarling Tribe,
" And ſnug by nicer Art to Self preſcribe;

" Advice

" Advice and Med'cines both together give;
" You need but take a ſingle Doſe and live;
" Nor yet on Thee alone the God diſplays,
" His double Nonſenſe or his frowzy Rays;
" With equal Right a Brother boaſts the ſame;
" No leſs in Science, and no leſs in Fame;
" With ſurly Phiz——— aſcends the Stall,
" And mutters——— to an empty Hall;
" And firſt of Phyſic's Art deſcribes the Plan,
" And next the Duties of an inward Man;
" Explains Relig'on's Laws without a Querk,
" And truly bawls the Merit of the K———;
" With equal Warmth as kindly tends the whole,
" And ſaves the Body as he ſaves the Soul;
" With Hymns ſpecific lights the holy Fire,
" And paints with ſolemn Phiz the true Deſire;
" With Food angelic crams an earthly Clod,
" And puffs a Mortal to the Lambs of God;
" As nice with Purge the riſing Flames aſſwage,
" And coup again the Spirits in the Cage:

" How

" How ſweet to find Religion's Beauties join
" The healing Heart, and both contented ſhine;
" By Turns in Peace their gen'al Warmth diſplay;
" Firſt kindly feel the Pulſe, and then to pray;
" Both Scenes alike in lively Colours paint;
" At Noon a Doctor, and at Night a Saint.
" Thus both by Syſtems new can keep us whole,
" And both as kindly ſtrive to ſave the Coal:
" You firſt can leave the Clyſter in the Lurch,
" And he as ſmug the C—— of the Church;
" With double Force my P—— reach the Soul,
" And bid in healthy Streams the Fountain roll;
" As quickas Thought they ſhut *Pandora*'s Box,
" And knock down Fevers as you would an Ox:
" A Fracture ſet, and learn the Gout to dance,
" And curb the Sallies of inſulting *France*;
" Alike on all their bliſsful Rays beſtow,
" And nicely ſcrub you clean from Top to Toe;
" Around with open Heart whole Packets ſend,
" And cure for naught the Fevers of a Friend;

" As

" As kind each Day attend the poorer Train,
" Nor e'er with Pride the Cellar Steps diſdain ;
" Could yet with ampler Proofs your Boſoms Charm,
" And ſtill with noble Deeds your Spirits warm;
" But think by this the Prize I've juſtly gain'd,
" And bold in Roman Tropes the Fight maintain'd;
" With Joy ſincere to you ſubmit the Cauſe,
" Content to wait the Judgment of the Laws."
Thus ſaid, a Buz o'er-ſpread the Plain around,
And hum Concertos ſoft in Triumph ſound;
The Chiefs to him united yield the Prize,
And charm with ſhouting Baſe th' admiring Skies;
His Gift the Knight embrac'd with eager Soul;
In Fancy ſaw whole Mounts of Di'monds roll;
Then op'd the Cork, a ſudden Cloud aroſe,
And round in frothy Streams the Phantom goes;
With hollow Jaws an empty Vial found,
And threw the unhappy Bottle to the Ground ;
With angry Look ſurvey'd the broken Glaſs;
At Bottom ſpy'd the Picture of an Aſs:

'Tis

'Tis thus with ſoapy Pipe the Youngſters play,
And view with leaping Souls th' enamell'd Ray;
With chriſt'al Groups the ſwelling Bubbles riſe,
And feaſt with pearly Charms their infant Eyes;
Then quick to nothing burſt an airy Flight,
And ſink in Atoms to the Realms of Night:
Again with open Mouth the Beadle cries,
And round for other Game the Summons flies;
Who beſt can ſcrew the Muſcles of his Face,
And form a Phyſic-Look with eaſy Grace,
Shall ſtraight this Candle bear with noble Pride;
Obſerve in roſy Knot the Ribbond ty'd;
Has oft in Ruffle deck'd a Monarch's Arms,
And ſhar'd in Tuckers Folds a Lady's Charms;
Its Honours late by public Act cry'd down,
Is forc'd in other Shape to bleſs the Town:
Thó' chang'd the Form, its Beauties ſtill you'll ſee,
And find an equal Merit in *Bougie*:
Each Secret rare compos'd on foreign Plan,
The boaſted Trophy of the great D———.

Starch'd up in ſolemn Air *Diſmallo* 'roſe;
The wrinkl'd Jaw his grave Profeſſion ſhows;
With hoary Down his Cheeks enamell'd ſhine,
For who would want a Beard when Corks are fine?
Each Muſcle crimp'd adorns his taper Chin;
His Viſage blazon'd with important Grin;
So ſmug in ſable Coat his Body's dreſt,
You'd ſwear all Europe's Bus'neſs in his Breaſt;
Then ſpoke: " Ye Chiefs to me the Prize reſign,
" If Merit claims a Right the Conqueſt's mine:
" Obſerve the noble Mien, how ſtrong the Grin;
" Each Feature drawn Galenically thin!
" A *Raphael*'s Hand could ſcarce my Beauties paint,
" Or draw a juſter Figure of a Saint."
Thus far he ſaid, when—— pop'd his Head,
And ſmart with dapper Strut his Numbers ſpread:
" Who's that here dares with me maintain the Fight,
" And bold diſpute the Patent of my Right?
" Whoe'er this Truth denies my Wrath ſhall know;
" Obſerve the Paper ſign'd by————:

" This

" This little Arm ſhall ſtout mine own defend,
" And ſwift to Death th' inſulting Villain ſend."
Thus bawl'd, the *Bougie* gain'd with nimble Jump;
As ſmart his Rival met with hearty thump;
Soon made by Blows infer'or Atoms yield;
Himſelf the ſcepter'd Chandler of the Field;
Each Side in ſkulking Ranks the Spirits fall,
And Univerſal Hum——Buz Silenc'd all,

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Canto II, Page 21, Line 24, for T——x read F——x. Canto IV, P. 49, L. 56, for athen'an read ahen'an.——Page 53, L. 153, for ſhew read ſhow.

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